

Copper Reflection

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It's a poem from my Dark Days (a.k.a. Short Depression)

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/underknowndarkling/5504/Copper-Reflection>

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1 - Copper Reflection ::poem::

I can see the copper reflection,
turns the room into sunset complexion.
I can't bend the trees without cutting
them all away,
But I can make them move for miles
and make them sway.
The copper reflection melts and recedes,
making my other self be more than she seems.
She will be in chains the next time
I see her.
She'll be in bloody stains and I hope
I don't stir her.
Here comes the copper reflection,
rolling over my ghastly complexion.
This new fraud, glowing face will
walk the world and be alone.
I will let loose her and her rage and
follow her all the way home.
Now, I see the copper reflection,
turns the room into sunrise complexion.
I will go on with these pains unmentioned.
And with her bloody stains inking my
vision,
she will have her dark hold on my
future decisions.
The truth is buried deep within most,
my truth lies within her and she boasts.
Because this copper reflection will
forever find me,
this fake quality and its malice will
always be.
The copper reflection hits high times and
will always be in need,
through smiles and jokes and maybe
occasional booze or weed.
This vampiric, healthy, tan-skinned
expression
will always be the face to hide signs
of depression.
In the beauty hides the lie,
revealing reasons for those who die.
I can see the copper reflection,

turns the room into sunset complexion.
Time to shatter the mirror that's my
prison,
I watch all the tiny thousand pieces
glimmer like prisms.
For now, I'm free of my prison and
the copper reflection,
and the room turns into my sunrise
envisioned.